February, 2017

Hon. Laura Taylor Swain
United States District Judge
Daniel Patrick Moynihan
United States Courthouse
500 Pearl Street
New York, NY 10007-1312

Dear Judge Swain:

My name is Christine Sansonetti. This letter comes to you regarding David Hobson, my brother-in-law, and is written with a very heavy heart. David entered my life when I was 16 years old, and looking back over the last twenty years, I don't know how I would have made it without him.

I am the youngest of three, eight years apart from my brother, twelve from my sister. At the age of 16, the age gaps between my siblings and I seemed vast. I came from loving parents and a very protective older brother and sister. Everyone was so busy, coming and going, and family time was chaotic. By way of people that I could relate to, there wasn't a one. Growing up I never felt lonely, just very alone in my life.

Then came Dave, my sister's new boyfriend, from Rhode Island. Like clockwork, he was there every weekend. He made my sister smile. I knew he was visiting when my mom started to make lasagna and meatballs. On early Saturday mornings, he would accompany my father to the junk yard and help him find car engines and parts. When they returned, it was imperative that Dave and I would get bagels for breakfast. My brother, Dave and I would hang out and talk for hours at the kitchen table. Sunday dinners became a thing and our happy home became enriched again. It was all because of Dave.

My sister married Dave and moved to Rhode Island to go to school. I missed my sister terribly, but Dave and she visited almost every weekend. By then, my father became terminally ill. Sundays became quiet. Mom hardly cooked, my sister became very serious, my brother hardly wanted to talk, and I was lost within myself trying to make sense of life. There was only one person that I could turn to without fear of judgment, without having guilt about burdening my feelings onto others, and that person was always Dave. Our Saturday bagels were my sanctuary. Dave held our hands and was our voice of reason. He was the outside force that touched us all inside our hearts. Never missing a weekend, sometimes spending weeks with my family, not because we asked him for help, only for the pure reason that he wanted to be there. When I lost my dad, I was only 19 and Dave was always there for all of us during that great loss.

Throughout my life, I have always turned to Dave for guidance. He has had played an enormous role in shaping me into the woman I am today. I have attended college, worked hard all my life, moved across the country for a year only to come back to New York and currently I am a manager of five retail stores. I could not have adapted and changed within my life without my family, and the one person that held us all together. Dave taught me that I could get through anything and accomplish everything. I definitely gained another brother in Dave.

Now he is at a point in his own life that he needs our love, help and support. His own parents are elderly and his mother is very ill. They need him, not only for emotional needs, but to make sure that they receive the proper care. Nothing is more important than being there at the end of your parent's life. Those are the moments that rise to the surface over a lifetime of memories, the peace you have in knowing that you took care of your loved ones and that they had the love of their child in the end.

I humbly ask your Honor not to take away too much of the most precious thing in life from him, time.

Sincerely,

Christine Sansonetti

Christine M. Sansonetti